

Akal Sabai

The Khalsa or the Elect

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SURAT SINGH, JOGI,
Secretary.

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The Khalsa or the Elect

Address to Young Sikhs assembled at Lahore.

SAT SRI AKAL

Our Master.

Khalsa Youngmen assembled in this momentous meeting in the history of our Panth, I greet you in the name of our Founder and Master: Guru Gobind Singh. Brethren, we are our bones of His bones, flesh of his flesh, spirit of His deathless Spirit. The father lives in the son, so does the great Guru live in the ever-young Khalsa Commonwealth which he founded to perpetuate the cause which was dearest and nearest to his heart. I mean propagation of righteousness and dispelling the dark clouds of evil, tyranny and oppression. The Guru lives in us, for we are yet only of the earth, but the Saviour came from the heavens and has returned to the heavens. He is here, there, and everywhere, only if we had the eyes to see Him; He is up with the sun every morning, when the sun bathes the dark earth in its golden shower of light; He permeates the warm breeze which invigorates the earth and makes it thrill with life; He pulsates with every ebb and flow of the tides and with such churning-sticks. He has discovered for you from the depths of the Ocean the priceless jewel of the Guru Granth; He is there in the uppermost heaven as also in the marrow of the atom; in us, within us, above us, underneath us; across us, athwart us; in time and above time; in space and above space; from day to day; from aeon to aeon to endless eternity! Our Master and our Founder Guru Gobind Singh is ever young and represents the very acme of perfection! What is young is healthy, what is healthy is beautiful, and what is beautiful is glorious, and what is glorious is godly. Our great Guru Gobind Singh is, therefore, all-health, all-beauty, all glory, all-spirit because He is youth par excellence. Consider His career from the day when He was hardly nine to the time when he entrusted a part of His mission to Banda Bahadur, preparatory to his return to the heavens, and you find that in this period of close upon three decades, the Guru is one unique embodiment of Life, of energy and spirit which are ever characteristic of youth. Such is then, our Master whom we all revere with all our heart and soul, and to follow whom through in His footsteps, so as He did, work as He worked and triumph as He triumphed.

2. Does the Supreme Being Exist? What Does Modern Science Say?

But I can see that some among you 'TIAR BAR TIAR,' ever ready, and I can feel the diffidence, you failing heart and your somewhat skeptic thoughts and gestures. Some of you have imbibed too much the God-less training that we get in many of our schools and colleges, or who are wholly enamoured of science which does not posit the Supreme Being will be already agnostic, if not purely atheistical. But I know at the same time that the heart of Sikhism is sound. I can read the wavering hearts of those few who have been caught in the whirlpool of materialism, for am I not young like you, who has sinned and erred, and who has therefore passed through the Vale of Tears through which some of you may pass. I know you for I am somewhat of that Saul who turned into Paul and I say this to emphasise my weakness not strength. The scientific atmosphere is decidedly choking for the theists. Each age has its own good points as also its weak points, and the greater the light, the darker the shadow it casts. Luminous as are the achievements of science: its telegraphs, telephones, broadcasting stations, aeroplanes, X-rays, cosmic rays and what not, yet the same luminosity is instrumental in casting a dark shadow, deep umbra on the face of the Supreme Being. In common with other scientists, other budding scientists may have your own misgivings but I am here to brush aside for although I was sucked by science yet as I was nurtured by Nanak and, therefore, know what alone science would never tell you. I will not trot out before you old threadbare arguments about the existence of the Supreme Being for in these days of fashion you want fashionable arguments to pass muster, or else they are discounted. I will, therefore, work up from the domain of science, not from that of religion, and give you three arguments which appeal most to my heart. These arguments are taken from widely different spheres, from the heavens above, from the earth spread before our eyes, and from that underworld of dark forces which the fine eye of the microscope or the ultra-microscope alone reveals. Take each separately in the order given above.

1. The wonders of the heavens.

First look up to the outspread heavens not in the noontide of light nor in the moonshine, for then the fine architecture of space is eclipsed by the Titans of the heaven, I mean the sun and the moon, but look up to the sky on a dark cloudless night when the whole firmament is aglow with clusters of myriad of stars arranged in the most exquisite pattern, whose scintillating light is more refulgent than any earthly Koh-i-noor. Halfway, across the circle of the heaven, very much like a diameter, you will find the celestial Ganges, I mean the Milky Way, which is the holiest of all heavenly streams, and to bathe in which planets travel across enormous distances like pilgrims bound for Amritsar and they go round and

round in endless cycles at breakneck speed, for is not meritorious to have as many dips as possible before the planet is wiped out from existence and falls away like an errant meteor? On either side of this celestial-Ganges, you have the host of the heaven, millions of little, yet live stars all bound up in one elusive design unknown to the mortals. Farther up to the north, you find the Great Bear (Ursa major), on one side, and that heavenly W-(Cassiopea on the other side, on which god sits, each a little cluster of pre-eminent stars, more aptly rishis as we call them in India, for a rishi is one who sees, and these holy sages sitting up above, do see us from their vantage ground: they are the follies of the mortals and their petty concerns and engagements: they see and see but are not tired nor vexed by the vanity of man, for they look forward to the day when the swords would be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, when the bloody hatchet will be buried, and the poison gases swamped by the ambrosial rain, when brother will embrace brother, the Hindu loving his neighbour, the Mohamadan and both clasping their common brother the Sikh, yes they look forward ever and ever to that Day and while doing so they dance and dance round the pivotal point of the heaven, the pole-star, which sits unmoved, silent spectator of the phantasmoria of the universe. The Dhru is the axle on which the universe revolves, but it is unmoved itself. Look up to this merry-go-round of the heavens with the pivotal point in between, and I ask you to pause and consider for one moment as to whether is or there is not any power which keeps the Dhru in its place the unmoved. Mover of all the movement? Is this ceaseless change with a nucleus of stability accidental fortuitous, a chance? No brethren it cannot be, think deep in your heart of hearts and you will yourself come to the conclusion that there must be some power behind the veil of the world which ordains all, sustains all, innervates all, and which, therefore is the Primal Power worthy of worship. In the ambrosial hour of morn, at about 4 A.M. when I get up every day, I bow my head to this pivot of the heavens, the Dhru or better the Dhru axis of the universe, but I do not bow to this or that star, nor even to the sun, but to that Primal Power the Nirankar who lighteth the very light. I have read the heavens rather minutely and I have no hesitation in saying that it is a mighty chess-board, on which as may be expected, there are two opposed parties, the teeming Kauros on the one side and the pure-Pandos, on the other side, with the celestial-Ganges as the parting boundary, and there is endless fight between these celestial hosts who also cast their shadow on the earth, but the fight takes place during the daytime only, under the captaincy of the sun, for in night they are all quiet once more; the blind Dhritrashtra sits somewhere in the Dhru-star detached from the scene of activities but actively listening, while the Hero of the Day, our Lord Guru Gobind Singh is here, and there every where marching his armies on to success, to unqualified success, for is he not the Nirankar, the Formless One crystallised? Let us then be certain that the Nirankar does exist, and that all that is on this earth is merely His shadow, the Nirankar is hidden

behind the pole star, but though hidden, He is nonetheless real — as real as you or I.

II. The wonders of cyclic change on earth

The second thing which has appealed to me most in science is the endless cycle between life and death and the equilibrium exists between them. When a candle burns it is soon consumed, but my science master told me that the candle is not lost, it has merely changed its form and has become gaseous, carbonic acid gas, as we call it. I could not believe, but the teacher soon convinced me by carrying the resultant gas into colourless lime-water which became milky showing that something has come in, and I realised how things may change their form and yet exist. The cyclic change that begins here is continued; for the plants devour that gas that we exhale producing flower and fruit and when they die, they leave for us wood and coal which we burn to warm ourselves and thus the cycle is completed from day to day, to the endless time. Thus as a school boy, I learnt that *nothing is lost*, it may change form but the sum-total of matter in creation remains the same, unaltered.

This is the law of conservation of matter which may be called the very backbone of science. Today science has gone a little further and it has demolished the boundary between matter and energy, for matter is now found to be pent-up energy. Not that this conclusion is very strange, for many years it was known that when radium disintegrates it emits enormous energy. But this process was spontaneous and could not be influenced one way or the other. But now in the Cavendish laboratory matter has been artificially blasted and transmuted by the application of high voltage electricity and the dreams of old chemists, the alchemists, as we call them are well high within the domain of practical politics. Interesting as are such transmutations, the most wonderful of such observations is the conclusion that matter is nothing but energy (electricity) neutralized, positive protons overridden by negative electrons, and that each grain of matter represents a definite, corresponding amount of inner atomic energy. To put it into simple language matter has been discovered and re-discovered; it is pent-up energy, and once more we find that the sum total of energy in the universe remains the same whatever the changes it undergoes. The old conception of conservation of matter comes back to us in a new garb i.e., conservation of energy, which is the latest conclusion of Science and may be called its high water-mark. Now, this unaltered sum-total of energy is a very significant proposition and if only we had the eyes to see we will find that it means and can mean only one thing *viz*; that behind the flux of matter, there is one Invisible Power or Energy; the Nirankar, as we call It, which ever remains the same undisturbed, unaltered, undiminished! You may call this Being as

Energy, for that is one of His aspects, but as we go further I will tell you why we should not call Him merely as Energy. We can no more call Him merely as Energy then we can call sun as sphere, for the sun is a sphere plus light, heat and energy. Whatever, the avenue we approach our Father, The Nirnakar, the fact remains that He is there. Science cannot deny Him, for as shown above its laws and conclusions rather point to the unerring existence of the supreme Being who guarantees the validity of the laws. This Law of Conservation of Energy is, to my mind one of the strongest arguments of the existence of God. I will you, youngmen, to take my advice to heart and when you wash the test-tube, or handle the induction coil in the laboratory remember that He is there with you, your hidden Instructor. Were He not there, your X-rays, and your cosmic rays would die of mere inanity, your broad-casting programme will go amiss, your Messages in the telephone and telegraph wires would die out of sheer chaos, and your Mazda Lamps would not twinkle, the dynamo in the Rolls-Royce car could cool down despite all the money spent on it and that prime-Dynamo, the sun would heat you no longer for there would be no ether to transmit its rays, and the nebular mist which makes star would dissolve; no more stars would be born, there would be no earth, no moon, no sun, — nothing! Believe, me youngmen, all this is true, terribly true. And conversely, I tell you, with all the strength at my command that all that is on this earth and on the millions of stars and earths in the out-spread space, is here because of Him, because of that Formless One, who though formless, yet is. He playeth the hide-and-seek with us so that we may discover Him and relish the play!

III. The wonders of embryology.

Thirdly come to the microscopic world and consider some of its marvels which patient scientific research has revealed to our eyes. Take the process of pro-creation. Do you consider that the process is simple and the matter ends when the married couple ends its embrace. If you think so, you are mistaken, for it is just then that the embryo with all its marvels stirs up. I will not bother you with unnecessary details, but consider what happens when the male gamete fertilizes the female spore; the nucleus of this cell coalesces with the nucleus of that cell, and then there is a thrill, a ferment all over the new cell. If you see with the microscope, you will see a two sided spindle set up in the heart of the cell. On each side of the spindle there is an attracting centre, two opposite centres in all, and from these centres fibrile rays are arrayed like little warps in a khadi-machine. This is not all. Inside the rays, and equi-distant from the two centres are U, shaped-rings (called chromosomes) which move back-ward and forward under the impulse of new-fangled life. See how these rings first divide into two each and when this is done the building bricks are duplicated; similarly they are quadrupled, and in this way millions of little bricks, we call cells, are made, each

as exact replicas of the first cell, for do not the uncanny chromosomes play the fairy-role of well matched fission. The two attracting centres are somewhat like the pole-star in the northern hemisphere, and the Agastya (canopus) star, in the southern hemisphere, and in between them, there are a number of little rings of forces which play weird witch's dance, even as they do in the play of *Macbeth*! You have only to turn the eye of microscope on these wonders of embryology when you cannot help coming to the conclusion that the same hidden-power which rules the heavens above also rules the tiny cells of which all mankind is made, yea, this power rules dead matter also, for there again you have the same differentiation into 2 camps, the positive electricity on one side like *Pandos* of old, and the teeming rings of negative electrons, like *Kauros*, on the other, with here and there *Neutrons* as No-man's-Land in between. Whenever you see, and whatever you see up, above, or down below, in or in the microcosm, you will find the same invisible, impalpable, yet none the less same pulsating power, the *Nirankar* for He is.

3. Personal experience is the greatest of all arguments.

Youngmen! I will not bore you with further argument, for arguments are at best gilded coins; their gold coating is shallow and skin-deep, and for every argument you can produce counter-argument, or at any rate a semblance of it, as they do in the courts where there is no end to arguments. But the final arbiter in all such matters is the heart, and I ask you to dive deep in your heart and to explore the depths of your internal ocean, and down, deep-down in your bosom you will, no doubt, find the priceless pearl: the *Nirankar*. But I know you are yet young, you have yet acquired the art of swimming, not speak of diving, and until then you must depend on your elders, on the incontrovertible evidence of those whom we call *Bhais* or *Gurmukhs*. They will not deceive you or else you would not call them good-men. Above you, you have your Anchor-sheet of all anchors, I mean the word, the unimpeachable witness of *Guru Granth* who is verily our Incarnate-Guru, the Guru-impersonal who, for that very reason, is destined to live for all time. That Guru asks you to try everything; search every thing; it goes so far as to assert that you should believe your own Guru, if necessary! — God forbid! — until you have realised the truth in your own person!! But a day will come in your life as it has come in the life of all *Bhais*, when the mystery of heaven and earth will be revealed unto you, when the highest heaven will bare its bosom to you and the lowest-hall will unfold its secrets to you, yea, when the stars will beacon you from the blue, and when the atoms and electrons will speak to you from behind the veil of matter, when meteors and nebular mist will kiss you from behind the azure blue, when you will have your bath in this Amritsar on earth as also in that Pool of Immortality in which Dhru bathes daily in the heavens and when you will no longer be of earth or matter or dross, but

heavenly, angelic, the Khalsa, the pure, the dross-less spirit and then and then alone you will realise the glory of being administered Guru Gobind Singh's Pahul — for that is the key which unlocks to you the secrets of heaven! Those who are not yet initiated, those who have not yet sipped the Honey-Nectar of His love, those who are yet half, not whole, I ask them, I invite them to love themselves in the Guru-given Amrit, for that alone can make Man out of us, weak boys until then we may call ourselves disciples (Sikhs), but let us not contaminate the holy term: Khalsa, for the Khalsa is all-gold, unalloyed, unadulterated, unadulterable.

4. Our ten Gurus and the Guru-impersonal.

Youngmen! , you are lucky, you have had not one Master but ten; they were ten to ring out of you all chords of symphony, so that not one may remain untouched, you are lucky. Your gods are not half-mythical, half-real, half-shadowy figures, such as others have, but they were true God-men who walked on this solid earth, who walked with us, worked with us with their own hands, who ached as we ache, who thrilled as we do, and who were withal not of the earth as they transcended the earth, being one with Nam. No one say about our Guru Nanak, our Guru Gobind Singh, as H.G. Wells says about Christ "The Christians Christ is too fine for me, not incarnate enough, not flesh enough, not earth enough" ! I do not hold the same opinion of Christ as Wells holds, for I have reverence for all prophets. I love my Gurus most for they are so lovely that they would not disdain even the dingy cabin of my soul. They speak to me in the touch in which my mother spoke, they speak to me not in the court-language of reason, but the heart-language of love, they do not dodge me or beat me about the bush by parables, allegories or hyperboles, but they give me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but truth! I repeat what I said once before that Guru Granth is the common Bible of the world come into its own, the world grown up into adolescence, for here, at last all veils, all symbols, all myths are thrown aside, discarded and we meet the holy Isis, Minerva or Saraswati by whatever name you call her, face to face, all unveiled! Brethren believe me for what I say is true, others have the gilded coin, you have got the gold, others have nut but you have the kernel, others have essence but you have the very Quintessence: the Nam. All glory unto the Gurus who turned this land of Five Rivers into Sachkhand, who ushered the golden age in the Kal Yug. Youngmen! you are crusaders of the spirit, yea are of Waheguru and victory is of the Deathless one.

5. Why must we keep the Keshas our choicest possession.

Brethren! I have already drawn your attention to our choicest possession. I mean Nam without which we will be as much starved as fish without water or fire without air. But who you know what is the custodian or conservator of Nam?

Some of you, not having tried long enough, not having thought deep enough, are like motes in the air swept this way or that way by currents of air. They see the Curson fashion much in the air, even some ladies are drawn towards bobbed air for in so doing they take to themselves the airs which the plumed jackdaw took when mixing with the peacocks. But misguided as much men are, you do not realise the harm that they do to themselves by cutting with their own hands the roots of their higher-self : they are verily committing suicide! But you will ask me the how and why of keeping the Keshas. Brethren! of all the men who are assembled here, I am the one who is the most qualified to answer this query, for I am a Forester who lives in the hills and who revels in the dark shades of deodars. But you will ask me what is the connection between woods on hills and Keshas on our heads. And I hasten to reply that there is every conceivable connection they are one and the same, fundamentally and essentially, if only we had eyes to see. Those dark woods on the sunny slopes of the Himalayas invite and usher in the monsoons from far-off Indian Ocean. Were it not for those wooded slopes, the hills would soon be turned into ravines and the ravines leveled into the desolate Sahara which is the curse of Africa. It is those woods which first draw the moisture laden clouds even as the magnet attracts the needle, then precipitate them for they are like rose fans through which water filters down, and they help to conserve the water to keep the soil green, to fertilise the valleys and enrich the country with flower, fruit and grain. India without the monsoons would be another African Sahara, but the monsoons would not settle without the hospitable woods, so also the monsoons shower of Nam would not settle until these holy Keshas are there to act as sponges for that honeyed-dew which is the secret of eternal youth! Believe me, youngmen, what I tell you is true, only too true. But I can see a few among you who are obsessed by the West asking me, if not openly yet in their hearts, how is that Europeans flourish all the same, even though they do not keep the long hair? The objection is good enough but you have only to go deep down to its bottom, to scrap it outright. If only you will listen, I will explain to you how England has climbed down, I mean spiritually not materially since the days of Shakespeare. I will not refer you to the world war for that is now regarded as a symbol of efficiency. But there is much deeper test of progress or deterioration than the world war and I will use Shakespeare himself as a meter, as a measure of the greatness of England. I believe all of you must have read Shakespeare, but while most of you understand and admire his dramas, yet there is one thing in him which you do not understand. And this is one thing which I will soon mention to you is not only a sealed book to you and to your professors but to all (I speak subject to correction) the University Professors of England! I will not set your curiosity further on edge, so I will mention to you at once as to what I mean : the Shakespearean Sonnets. University Professors will tell you that these sonnets are love-songs which Shakespeare composed for his lady-love when he was young,

but those who hold this view are wrong, one and all. I have read these sonnets with the key which I will soon mention to you and I have no doubt whatsoever that they are no ideal effusions on an idle earthly lover, they are chaste-hymns which Shakespeare the bride, composed and outpoured when the bride was deeply in love with the Universal-Bridegroom : *Akalpurakh*. But what is the proof, you will say? The proof is in the pudding itself, but if you want an additional one it is there written with Shakespeare's own hands, for in the dedication Shakespeare writes that he is dedicating these sonnets to one of his friends with the view to initiate him into the "*Art of Eternity*." Mark the word 'Eternity' and all the rest will follow, albeit in a dim manner. But if you want to unravel this mystery to its minutest detail, you must have the golden key of the *Japji* for that is the Master-key which will unlock to you this and that riddle, and also the kingdom of Heaven. I know Shakespeare not because I have been taught in schools and colleges, because Guru Nanak too me up one-day, ah! the day! from the lust and dirt of earth into that closet where the *Khalsa* or the elect sit, and going in I found that Shakespeare was but one of the many *Khalsas* who are there! Consider brethren! the depth to which England has climbed down. Ponder over it : *England cannot understand its own Shakespeare*, I mean the best of him which are his sonnets and which were written in the prime of his life, near the grave; the dramas and plays of Shakespeare are but the husk while the sonnets are his kernel! Tennyson understood Shakespeare and when he did so he became 'the Ancient Sage' and his poem bearing that name is really a leaf from the unwritten-Bible. The whole of Europe looks aghast at Shakespeare who is head and shoulders above all, and cannot understand him why? Because they have lost the choicest of all possessions, the *keshas* which made Shakespeare the dramatist, Tennyson the poet, and Jesus the Christ. Brethren! all of these leading lights of the West are truly Sikhs, nay they were *khalsa*, for were they not bearded like you? In those flowing locks lies the secret of greatness of the great and when the Tenth Guru made it compulsory on you to keep the holy keshas, he did so because he loved you, because he wanted you to have what is verily best, what is purest and choicest possession. In keeping the long hair, you may not be in majority, but remember you are in select society, in excellent company, members of the Lodge Universal which comprises all the rishis of the East, prophets and seers of the West including Rama, Krishna, Mohammad, Christ above all the Gurus whose replica, the soul-architecture is the *Khalsa*. In other words, you may not be one the teeming sheep, but certainly you are one among the shepherds. The *keshas*, therefore, are our holiest possession and we can no more part with them that we can remain without light or air : they who part with them in ignorance are like brutes caught up in a tunnel or thrown down a ditch. They must climb back and recover the heritage they have lost or else they are doomed.

6. The four pillars of Sikhism.

Brethren! The invisible throne on which great Guru Gobind Singh sits with the elect has four feet. I have mentioned to you the first and foremost of these feet the *Nam*, the other three are *Kirt Karna* i.e., earning an honest living by the sweat of one's brow, being dependent on oneself, and instead of grabbing the possessions of others sharing the same with one and all : for this is what is expected of a *Bhai* or a true brother. Thirdly, *deg, teg, fateh* i.e., one must have the power so to use our hands as not only to partake our earnings with others but to wield the sword and the gun if and when necessary i.e., in self-defence. It is very rarely that resort to arms is permissible but when arbitration has proved futile and there is no other alternative to end aggression and religious persecution, then resort to arms becomes an imperative duty.

چو کار از هم، هیله‌ها در گزشت -
حلال است برون به شمشیر دست -

Indeed, it would be sheer cowardice, it sit idle at that critical hour, and let yourself be trampled under-feet like crawling insects. The *Khalsa* is a born lion (Singh) and therefore, Sikh is primarily a *Singh*. The fourth and the last foot of this throne is abiding humility : *Garibi Gada Hamari*. Humility should not, however, not be confused with cringing impotence, for it is quite its reverse. Humility is the crown of all virtues, for it is at the very apex of the pyramid of virtue and it is there where man touches and becomes one with God. Guru Gobind Singh who is the very embodiment of life and energy calls himself not God but only servant of God and in one of his quatrains in the *Akal Ustat* he sings of “*Tubi Tubi*, i.e., ‘Thou, Thou, O Lord!’” In vain would you find in the Sikh Bible the grandiloquent phrases in which the Vedant abounds : the Vedant formula I am God (*Aham Brahm assmi*) is reversed in Sikhism and we read : “I am naught O Lord, Thou art all” for that is what is the essence of reiterated *Tubi*. These are then the four outstanding pillars on which the Taj (soul-dome) of Sikhism rests. In them lies the kernel of time, democracy and that spirit of equality

میں ہوں پریم پرکھ، کا داس،

that sweeps untouchability from within and not from without and of which our common (kitchen) Langer is the best proof. There are many other virtues which are connected with the above even as spring water has its connection with many a wet recess hidden in the bowels of earth. The basal virtue which feeds others is *Brahmcharya* : for that is the fountain from which the spring of life bubbles. The *Kachh* (half pent) is a constant reminder to us of this virtue and it enjoins us to

keep ourselves continent, for in conserving that fountain we conserve life spiritual. But continence should not be confused with monkery for there are no monks or nuns in Sikhism.

7. The Esoteric meaning of Sat Sri Akal.

I will not detain you any longer, but there is one thing I must tell you although it is in our mouth everyday, yet we understand it the least, I mean our clarion call of *Sat Sri Akal*. How many of you know the real meaning of *Akal*? If you translate it into unending time, I am afraid you will be wholly wide the mark. The people of the West are never tired of singing of life-eternal, but how few understand the meaning of this word 'eternity'. If you will ask them to explain as to what they mean, they will again point to meaning-time, which begins we know not when, and proceeds into the future we know not where. But if this is what is the goal then we must not use either the word *Akal* or eternity as *Akal* is a much higher conception; for it is the very negation of time. (*akal* = time-less). I will discuss it in a little detail to make it clear. Our phenomenal world is made up to two units viz., time and space, which weave the visible world even as cloth is woven out of warp and woof. But behind this visible and the phenomenal world, there is another world which is time-less, spaceless, impalpable, ethereal and it the Formless one or *Nirankar*. When we sing the praises of *Akal* (as we do in the *Akal Ustat jap ji*) we are talking no more of time, but of that of that *noumenal*, timeless (*Nirankar*), world where time and space are no more for they are left behind. That another world does really exist and it is there alone where youth is eternal, where bliss is eternal, where activity is eternal, where being is eternal. And it is that hidden and higher world where NAM lifts us! Let us, therefore, dispel from our minds all ideas of time (Kal) when we are talking of the timeless-one (*A-kal*). I will give you an illustration to make my meaning a bit clearer. Real comprehension comes only with *Nam*, for that is the light which lightens the darkest recesses of soul. Let us compare time to an outspread-snake for that is the recognised symbol of time as it devours us all. The snake, of course, has its head and tail, but lengthen the snake in you imagination to infinity in either direction. You will then comprehend Time in its true condition, its outspread state, for time has no beginning nor end on either side. But now let us turn round and try with the Time-snake in another way. Suppose the snake is one yard long, and he curls round so as to eat its own tail, which it does when it forms a full circle then try to locate its beginning or end of this circle. You will, no doubt, come to the conclusion that the circle has no beginning nor any end. Now double the length of the snake and let it circle round again; it has still no beginning nor end, nor will it have any even when the circle covers the whole space as also all time. This circled time, rounded up on to itself, in such a way that it

has no beginning nor end is *Akal* (eternity) for you cannot now divide it into past, present and future as you do with outspread-time, whatever its duration. This *Akal* is, as I have said, a higher world and to attain it we must reach the apex of mind and then fly off at a tangent into the Realm of *Nirankar*. Having reached this height, time is left behind like an outworn garment and then at that height a second is enlarged into a millennium and the millennium becomes one with the second for the time-element is eliminated. Perhaps you will believe me better if I gave you the evidence of another mystic namely * Meister Eckhart who may be called the Shakespeare of Germany, but whom Germany understands as little as England understand the elements of Shakespeare. Says he “when we rise past our own mind to the summit of mind, we have an inkling of the perfection and stability of eternity, for there is neither time nor space, neither before nor after, but everything present in one new fresh-springing. *Now, where millenniums last no longer than the twinkling of an eye.*” This flight above the jail-walls of space, and above the enduring influence of time is the flight into *Akal*, into the timeless one. Of that circled-time (*Akal*) our iron bracelet (*Kara*) is the best of all symbols for time hath divisions but this is *anant* (eternal, without beginning or end). And it is made of steel, all-steel as eternity is synthesized thereby with armed-efficiency which is the doctrine of science. The *Kara* or the endless circle is therefore, to us as a constant reminder not of infinite time but of eternal *Akal*, and every time when we cleave the heavens with you ringing sonorous calls of *Sat Sri Akal*, we peep for once into that kingdom of Heaven where death is not, where time is not; for the time-serpent loses its sting, where age leaves behind its wrinkles, where the chains of space have fallen from our feet, and where we feel we are like birds free in the air soaring upwards and outwards to the boundless heaven, where the pangs of home-sickness are no more, where we are one with Him who is One, where we dwindle into the formless One as sugar melts into the milk, where we are like water molecules wafted into thin air, and where air is dissolved in ether, and where ether is no longer lifeless medium, but all-intelligent, all-powerful, all-pervading, blissful-Entity which indeed, is the *Akal*. Soaring to that height you are no longer mortal but immortal, you are no longer men, but angels, nay you are one with Him, who is you, I and He, all-in-one, and one-in-all, the Being Transient, the Being Transcendent!

* Menster — Master.

8. Hold Fast.

I invite you to chant *Sat Sri Akal* again and again in the morning and in the evening when you get up from the bed and when you retire for sleep, when you begin your deliberations and when you end them for *Sat Sri Akal*, (True is the timeless-one) is the holiest of all exclamations. It comes from the heart and goes

straight to the heart; it reverberates to the very depth of heaven and penetrates the cloud carrying us to the Fatherland Beyond. Brethren, stand fast, and I assure you that the *Khalsa* shall conquer the forces of evil and unrighteousness and plant the *Akal* banner in all corners of the earth for this prophecy * that was made centuries ago is already becoming true and the might of the *Khalsa* is already felt much in France as on the Indian Frontier. In this march onward, in this ceaseless conflict, our deathless Guru is *Guru Granth* for therein lies the accumulated treasure of all ages, the Nectar of immortality. If you are true to the Guru, the Guru will never turn His back on you.

* راج کریگا خالصہ آ کی رہے نہ کوئے -
 خوار ہوئے سب ملینگے بچے شرن جو آئے -
 — دھم گورو -

9. Conclusion.

In conclusion, I must tell you that great as are your privileges, as sons of the Gurus, yet greater are your duties and responsibilities. Youngmen, all the world over, are the backbone of any nation. It is on you that the burden of future will rest. I want you, therefore, to be up and doing, to bestir yourself for the great task that is ahead, i.e., the evangelisation of the whole world. You have to translate you holy scriptures and broadcast them, you have to write and re-write your history each page of which his written with blue blood of our ancestors such as Bhai Mani Singh and Taru Singh shed, the Great Guru expects you to soar up from the dust and dirth of earth until you are verily like his *Khalsa* i.e., unadulterated. I do not want you to be torch-bearers of light only but to go a step further and become yourself torches of light which burn and burn without fuel or consumption, radium-like, sun-like from age to age, to eternity. I want you to strike the fire of *Nam* for when that fire is aroused, it doth not die. Enrobed in that light, you will no longer be of earth, but unearthly, yea, you will be verily transfigured on the Mt. Sinai. I do not want you to smother your ego, as the *Hathyogi's* do, but I want you to outgrow yourself, express your personality until it overflows and envelopes the whole. I want you to become good citizens loving fathers, good patriots, serving doctors, keen scientists, but above all I want you to be true sons of the Guru. A time will come when the pageant of this earth will be dissolved, when the sky scrappers which we build with so much care will become other Towers of Babel, when the Himalayas will sink and be engulfed into the ocean where the moon will cease to shine and the sun will cease to warm, when the heavens will be crumples like paper and thrown into the waste paper basket, when man and bird and beast, yea even the gods will be no more, then all be naught

but the KHALSA WILL YET LIVE for has it not doffed the Nectar of Immortality — the *Amrit* of the Sat Guru!

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